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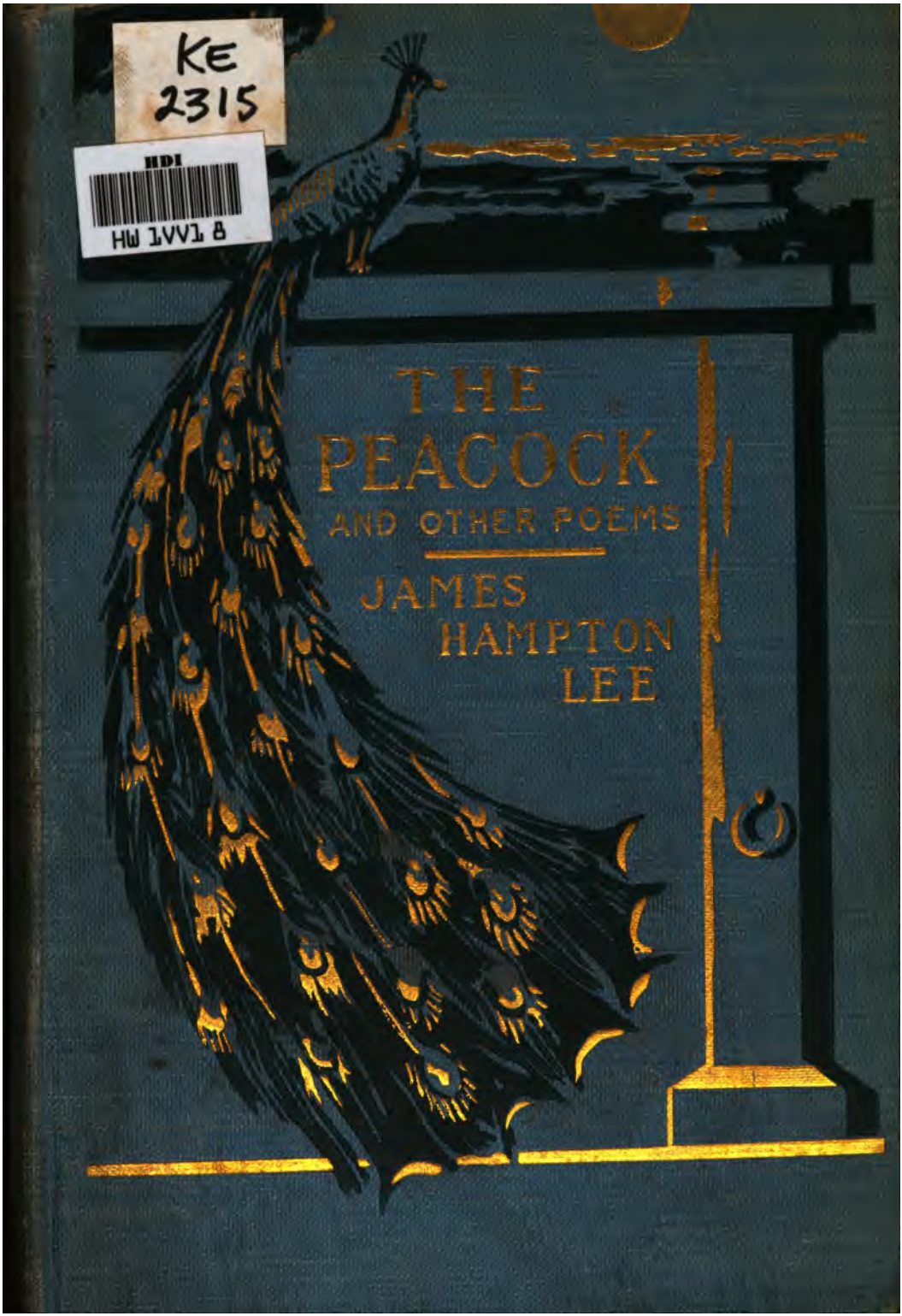
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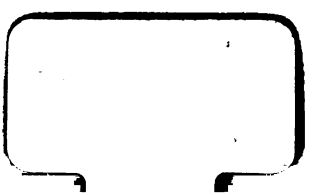
THE PEACOCK

AND OTHER POEMS

JAMES HAMPTON LEE

KE 2315





THE PEACOCK

A SONG OF THE SOUTH





Yours Truthfully,
James Hampton Lee.

[illegible]

AND OTHER [illegible]MS; OR

[illegible]

BY

JAMES HAMPTON LEE

AUTHOR OF "LETTERS OF [illegible] ETC.

THE [illegible]

PUBLISHERS

114

FIFTH AVENUE

London NEW YORK Montreal



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AND

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Oct 8, 1941

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by
THE
Abbey Press
in
the United States
and
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DEDICATED TO

Florence May Van Duzer

—JUST A FRIEND—

IN WHOSE COMPANY I FIRST FELT

THE INSPIRATION ESSENTIAL TO WRITING

AND IN WHOSE MIEN

I FIRST BEHELD POETRY PERSONIFIED

To Hon. E. B. Springs, who loves a hound and a horse, and who loves to lift up humanity; to him, my father's friend, this poem is dedicated by

The Author.

I have known a peacock to live to the age of seventy-two. I never knew one to die a natural death.—BILL ARP (in Atlanta Constitution.)

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

James Hampton Lee, the author of this book, was born October the eleventh, 1876, *near the village of Fort Mill, South Carolina. His father, David A. Lee, who is at least remotely (more like nearly, if the facts were known) related to the famous family of Virginia Lees, was then a humble but highly respectable farmer, seeking in this secluded spot to rehabilitate the fortune which war had devastated a decade before. It may be well to add that he is now independent, owning a handsome home near Fort Mill, and that he has been referred to as "one of Fort Mill's most substantial citizens." When James, his first-born, reached the age of six he was kept half the year or more at the typical country school, and what time he was not there, he was taught by his mother—a gentle, noble woman, who always won the prizes offered for spelling, etc., at the schools of ante-bellum days.*

James fortunately inherited, not only his mother's faculty for quickly acquiring knowledge, but also his father's for retaining and applying it. While a student at the High School of Fort Mill for three years he cap-

tured many prizes. He was especially apt in grammar, taking great pleasure in composition. His parents were both members of the Baptist Church and he professed faith at an early age. When only seventeen years old he was elected Superintendent of the Sunday School, which office he creditably filled for two years.

In February, 1896, *he suddenly saw, or thought he saw, "apple of gold in pictures of silver," in or around Richmond, Virginia. So, somewhat against the wishes of relatives and friends, he took a train for that city. For the remainder of the year he was employed by the publishing firm of B. F. Johnson & Co., there. During* 1897 *he accepted a position as clerk in Ford's hotel, and subsequently at the Lexington, where he utilized his opportunities for studying human nature. He spent his spare time "scribbling" for the newspapers and periodicals of the city, attracting some attention.* 1898-99 *he spent rather aimlessly (still "scribbling" with success, however), in Philadelphia.*

The year 1900, *he spent in New York City, where he still resides, when he is not visiting the old homestead, "Catawa Castle Circle," Fort Mill, South Carolina.*

THE PUBLISHERS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE "simple *grief-born* gift of song" is one which, wherever it goes in this era of ethical education, finds a warmer welcome than of yore. Songs sprung from sadness, strange as it may seem, bring gladness (and gladness is strength, on life's journey) to those who sing, as well as to those who hear. The demand, therefore, for *practical* poetry—poetry which, while pointing a moral, simultaneously points out some of the most beautiful things in the world—things which would have been overlooked, otherwise—the demand, the real *need,* for *this* kind of poetry is on the increase.

The poems in this volume, which, from a sense of duty and with a feeling of pleasure, I now place before the public, have helped me to deal philosophically with the various problems of life with which I have been confronted. I only hope that all who read may receive some such reward.

Poetry is *not* a drug on the market; at least it should not be, for poetry is the highest form of philosophy; and philosophy teaches the art of living. Poetry of the right kind enables women (I cannot say this is true of many men) to get out of life all there is in it. Therefore, poetry is *not* all dreams, nor is every poet necessarily a dreamer. I trust and believe the circulation of "The Peacock and other Poems" will in some degree contribute to the refutation of this pernicious fallacy.

Several persons who have perused what is here written have requested me to throw a little more light on the rather mysterious rôle the peacock is made to assume in the poem. I have neither space nor time here, if I had the inclination, to comply. I can only state that it is the opinion of at least one competent critic that "The Peacock" is the *Poe-est* poem I ever wrote; and further, that the author contends it is just as natural for a peacock to shriek "No, not now," as it is for a raven to croak "Nevermore."

Read no more of ravens gloomy;
Read of, now, the peacock plumy;

Why should not the latter be immortal, too?
From my peacock just a feather,
Cheers you up in cloudy weather;
Which is why I introduce him now to you.

JAMES HAMPTON LEE.

Catawba Castle Circle,
Fort Mill,
South Carolina.

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THE PEACOCK.

PERCHED a proudly plumèd peacock,
Where a weeping willow wailed,
One mild, misty, mournful morning
When both earth and sky were veiled

In a denseness and a dimness
That seemed all the incarnation
Of some strange—some spiteful Spirit
Which hung round the old plantation;

Which *had* hovered o'er its hilltops,
Which kept visiting its vales,
Till six hundred slaves were buried
In its deep, dark sylvan dales;

Buried where they used to plow,
To the tune of No, not now.

These six hundred slaves were sleeping
'Neath a tall, tremendous tree;—

No, *not* slaves since Death's rude reaping,
No, for death had set them free;

Kindly death their souls gave welcome—
Souls of bodies born all black;
Souls which longed to soar to freedom,
Though their bodies had no lack.

Men who'd handled hoe and plowshare
Till their latest loveless breath;
Women who had plucked the peacock's
Plumes each year, until their death;

Side by side lay in this graveyard
In a sunlit Southern state;—
Of their Spirits (and the peacock's)
I a story will relate.

Hear of how an ill kept vow,
Changed to "*Never,*" "No, not now."

* * * * * * * * *

In the Carolina country,
In a thickly wooded tract,
In a marvelous old mansion
'Twas the slaves their lord attacked.

Loved they not the lord who'd lashed them,
Nor his nine as stern, strong sons;—
Some had long 'ere this have dashed them
Down to death, but—slavery stuns.

And although they thanked their Mistress
For so much to eat and wear;
And although they loved the daughter
Of the house, so kind and fair—

Still as *slaves* they had to bow;—
They'd be free, but—"no, not now."

* * * * * * * * *

She—the beautiful Miss Bleeker;
Promenades grand porticoes,
Knowing not her slaves will seek her
Father's life before the close

Of this Sabbath day unclouded
Yet by care or dream of crime;
Knowing not *all funeral shrouded,*
Ere the evening clock should chime,

In the white, wide-windowed mansion,
Father, daughter, sons would lie—
And six hundred slaves lie slaughtered
On the grass their blood would dye.

Piped the peacock, "why and how?"
Piped the peacock, "No, not now."

Yes, this bird of brilliant plumage
Strutted straight across the lawn,
As for forty years, to rumage,
Forcing other fowls to fawn;

As for forty years—to seek its
Mate it lost when it was young;
And the woods, when it would shriek its
Strange, sad notes, with music rung.

But the bird, it brooded—brooded,
As have humans something o'er,
Till its owners, half deluded,
Said it shrieked of things before—

Well, *before they came,* somehow;
BUT to-day—ah—"No, not *now.*'

* * * * * * * * *

Now, at noon, the slaves (what wonder),
By a brigand's brave command,
Heard his voice as harsh as thunder
Promulgate their one demand

To their grand old gray-haired master,
Whom they saw receive it ill;—
Fuming, frowning, faster—faster
He approached the brigand "Bill;"—

"You demand my slaves be turned, Sir,—
Out upon the world?—Say why.
I'd prefer to see them burned, Sir,—
Here and NOW, you dog, you die."

Then ensued the ruffian's row;—
Piped the peacock, "No—not now."

Faint with fear, the slaves fell backward
When their master's sons all—nine—
Came upon the scene, delirious,
Full of fight and full of wine;—

But the brigand brandished swords and
Made them follow where he led.
Till the master and his daughter—
Both were numbered with the dead;

He, because he had not granted
Freedom—that for which they asked;
She, because—a bullet slanted—
One unaimed—and through her passed.—

BLACK HANDS BIND HER BLEEDING BROW;
CAN THEY SAVE HER?—NO, NOT NOW.

* * * * * * * * *

Words may, written once or spoken,
Circulate through Christendom.
Though a guilty heart be broken,
Still the consequences come.

Thus, although no harm was meant to
Her here slain, by one poor slave;—
Stretched there forth a strong man's arm to
Take their lives for that she gave;—

For the life that so was taken
Had been bound up with his own,
So his very soul was shaken
And his heart was turned to stone.

"GOD OR DEVIL ME ENDOW,
VENGEANCE," cried he, "*VENGEANCE—NOW*."

Thus with feelings all ill founded,
Rode he forth with bated breath;—
How his horse's hoofs resounded,
As he sped to deal out death.

Neighbors at the mansion numbered
Near a hundred—all was peace,
When our hero—up he lumbered:—
"Men be manly;—slay nor cease

"Till the last black heart is branded,
That has dreamed of being free;
Till the last black soul has landed
Into God's eternity!"

"Right—we'll fight," they all allow;—
Piped the peacock, "No, not now."

* * * * * * * *

See yon yellow sun now sinking—
Sinking, shining through the rain?
See that trembling horse there drinking?—
HUMAN BLOOD IS ON HIS MANE.

'Tis a horse brought back from battle
And from carnage overdone;—
Of "that black, dumb drove of cattle."
Not a slave survived—not *one*.

E'en the women and the children
Left were dead to all the world,—
Every frame with fear was filled and
Each sad heart's high hopes were hurled

DOWN INTO THIS SIN-CURSED SLOUGH,
RESCUE, PEACOCK?—"NO, NOT NOW."

* * * * * * * * *

But the time now came to bury
All these innocents abroad,
And a man who very, *very*
Much his bloody hands abhorred;—

With those same hands helped to fashion,
For the fragments scattered by
Of his mad, misguided passion,
Good, green graves in which to lie.

In six hundred sheets snow-white, he
Wrapped their bodies bruised and black;—
Though he tried his wrong to right, he
Could not call their Spirits back.

SEE HIM BY EACH BODY BOW.
PARDON, PEACOCK?—"NO, NOT NOW."

"If not pardoned, why not punished?"
Then asks Justice from above:—
Why?—Because the thing that's done was
Done for love—*for love*—for LOVE:—

For the love of her now lying
'Neath the weeping willow, green;
For the love of her who, dying,
Smiled and said: "Just let me lean,

"Just let me lean (I'm cold, and shaking)
For a moment on his breast;
Just let me lean (my head is aching)—
Let me lean—on HIM—and rest.

"Tell him truly why and how."—
Piped the peacock, "No, not now.'

And the peacock pleased the people,
Who with vain, vindictive vim
Slew both innocent and guilty,
With an understanding dim.

Yes, he thought—the vengeance wreaker—
That he slew the slayers of—
Of the beautiful Miss Blecker—
Of his lost—his only love.

Peacock—prophet—WHOSE hand killed her?—
Speak! thou on the future fed;—
Did that brigand, base, bewilder
Those poor slaves?—the one that's dead?

FROM A COTTONWOOD'S BIG BOUGH,
PIPED THE PEACOCK, "*YES*, BUT NOW"—

Well, his body, mutilated
By the heavy hoofs of horse,
Dogs devoured and desecrated;—
Such the fate of such a corse.

But the slaves, sad martyrs to him
Who'd maliciously them free;—
By Miss Bleeker and her kindred,
With a sad solemnity,

Had a resting-place assigned them
By our hero;—and he knew
That the days he'd stay behind them,
Were to be extremely few.

Therefore thought he to endow—
Piped the Peacock, "No, not now."—

Yet the monument that's o'er him
And o'er her and over all,
Tells of how his neighbors bore him
(And a PEACOCK, too) that fall,

To a willow ever weeping,
And interred them by the side
Of the dust of her now sleeping,
Made in symbol here his bride.

And the only ceremony
Was to read his generous *WILL;*—
To for all mistakes atone he
Left his fortune all to fill

All the mouths of every widow,
Every orphan of the slaves;
Thus he now became a bidder
For God's mercy—that which saves.

* * * * * * * *

Here lies father, lover, daughter,
Sons and slaves —beneath one mound;—
(And the PEACOCK) water, water
For this bloody, thirsty ground.—

While the water's dropping, dropping,
Look at this inscription which
Sculptors, skillful, chopping, chopping,
Wrote upon the marble rich:—

"This is beautiful Miss Bleeker,
Where you stand,
And the unsuccessful seeker
Of her hand.

All the others lying round them
Kindred—slaves;—
'Tis through LOVE—not hate you've found them
In their graves.

All misunderstood each other
Here below;
But the mists have lifted further—
NOW they KNOW."—

More than this I cannot tell nor prophesy;
But the *Peacock*—he may tell us by-and-by.

A THOUSAND MILES AWAY.

Boys, I'll tell you since I saw you,
  Things seem rather slightly changed;
I've right here the facts and figures—
  Let me get them all arranged.
Boys, I guess you'll recollect it,
  How I smiled when I came East.
Told you fellows how I'd make it,
  And you doubted not the least.

You'll remember I had money
  When I left the Woolly West,
But the East was simply "milk and honey,"
  And say, I done my level best.
You see I'm back, boys, somewhat rusted—
  I said I'd strike it rich, or bust,
I'm not ashamed to say I'm busted;
  But I'll explain it, boys—I must.

The first thing when a fellow gets there,
  He must pay his money down;

For before those folks will trust you,
They'll calmly kick you out of town.
Next you've got to take the sights in,
Then you'll hit the " green goods " ball;
Money's half gone when that's over—
You're glad if any's left at all.

Well, boys, the story's not much longer,
For money is the means to ends;
But I'll make the moral stronger,—
Without money there's no friends.
Now, you'll find your board bill's due you
And you've not a cent to pay,
Then's the time it comes home to you—
You're a thousand miles away.

Boys, I only wish to warn you
That unless you've got a " pull,"
Don't go East, nor no direction,
Except you've got your pockets full,
For when troubled you'll be thinking
Of the home folks every day,
And you're apt to do some sighing
If you're a thousand miles away.

No, boys, I'll tell you without funning,
When you've got a good, nice home,
There's not a grain of sense in running
'Round a land where millions roam.
And the man who does he'll sure discover
It's just as trying as I say,
The world just goes from "bad to worser"
When one's a thousand miles away.

Yes, boys, I'm glad I'm back to Texas
And I'll never leave again;
I won't even go to Klondike—
To leave at all would be a pain.
Guess I'll settle down and farm it
From December clear to May,
And I'll never more be busted
When a thousand miles away.

LOUNGIN' ON DE LAWN.

Dis po' free nigger once wuz er slavin'—
Ol' Mossur fed me fine an' fat;
But now it's de white man er cussin' an er ravin',
'Cause I won't do dis, an' I won't do dat.

CHORUS.

I'ze sca'ce er hog an' hominy,
But I'ze er livin' easy, cause I'ze free;—
No more er pickin' cotton, an' er haulin' er corn,
While de white man's er loungin' on de lawn.

I now can go and git free schoolin';—
Ol' Missus says she schooled me mo':
But de black man teaches de art er mulin';
'Gin de white man's tricks I kicks for sho'.

I'ze got my 'ligin, goes tur preechin'—
Oh, ev'y day seems like Sunday now;

Arter me no white man's er howlin' an' er
screechin',
Like dogs arter pap's ol' big blue sow.

I luv'd dem greasy slave time eatin's;—
My clo'es is ragged, an' my shoes;
But den dis back don't git no beatin's;—
An' de white man's er dyin' wid de blues.

WHAT SHE OUGHT NOT HAVE TOLD ME.

On an old flint hill's a graveyard
And a schoolhouse and a church;
There a school-girl I loved so hard,
Now has left me in the lurch;
Though she loved me too, or thought it;
Oh! this change so quick, what wrought it?

CHORUS.

Yes, Miss Janie, I have missed,
The parting gave my heart a twist;
But I'll evermore insist
That she ought not have told me she loved me.

Ah! she always met me, smiling,
At the schoolhouse mornings bright;
And was not ashamed of whiling,
In the other scholars' sight,
All the noontime with her lover,
In the groves of Mr. Glover.

"I accept it—yes, I love you,"
Are the very words she said;—
If she met me on the highway
Now, she'd never turn her head:
Used to write me letters weekly;—
Not so since, though asked most meekly.

But she then was very young—
Much too young to keep exact
The bit and bridle on her tongue,—
So I'll tell you what's a fact;
I don't care now for her letter;—
Those I get are so much better.

MAN.

Man is an animal,
And such an one as he has grown to be
Bewilders sight whene'er we try to see
Within a subtle veil—a darkest pall.

Man is a combination
Of avaricious instincts. And 'tis true
That, if he could, when one of his wife's bill fell due,
He'd flee the nation.

Man's on a rampage;—
He loves so well to hear his own base self orate,
That if he thinks of nothing sensible, he'll prate
Fool's language.

Man is a moral miracle,
In that, with all his meanness, woman still

Allows herself to be enticed by his strong will—
Pays heed to sentiment's oracle.

Man's a machine
Whose revolutions quicken—which is whirled
By that omnipresent power which rules the world—
Woman so serene.

Man still is sane,
Though he has lost, since he was old,
In love with woman and greed for gold,
Much of his brain.

But man is an animal,
Whose family will not become extinct;
So long as love lives on and life with love is linked,
He'll fall nor fail.

WOMAN.

NATURE'S beauties near and far,
Who can tell me what they are?
My mind
Is lost in wonder. And a thought
Of all these blessings on earth wrought
Makes me say, as well I ought,
How kind.

But the birds and trees and flowers
In their heavenly constructed bowers
Are not all;
There is woman in her sphere,
To whom nothing can compare,
Fairest of all else that's fair
On this ball.

No verduous valley or hilarious hill
Can enchant my vision or so sweetly thrill
My soul.
She with her virtues—and her sins
Breaks not her heart for the "might have
beens;"

She sets the pace which always wins
The goal.

It has been said once—yes, a million times,
Why say again? Well, why church chimes?
I now repeat:
Woman is far ahead of man,
She'll glean most gold from every pan,
And man was not made and never can
Be as sweet.

She's an emblem true of highest heaven
And if from our lives she is ever riven,
We're sad;
Without woman all men were bad,
Deny us her and our souls are sad,
But with her every heart is glad—
So glad.

OF A FORT AND A MILL, IF YOU WILL.

BY A SON OF THE SOUTH.

WHO composed these strange new stanzas?
Read the last one; well it answers.
Read the whole historic poem,
Read the author, read, to know him.

DEDICATED

with inexpressible gratitude to my most conscientious teacher and unfailing friend, Prof. John A. Boyd, to whom will always belong a share of any credit or honor which anything I do may ever command.

PROLOGUE.

CREEPS Catawba River calmly
Crossing Carolina's land;—
I invite you now most warmly
On Catawba's banks to stand;

To with me view where Indian nations
Worked and wandered at their will;
Where *now* " grow the gay plantations "
Which make famous far Fort Mill.

Come! in *Fort Mill,* Carolina,
'Tis *not* long between the drinks;
For she drinks—now don't malign her—
What will help, not hurt, she thinks.

A "dispensary's " established
In the center of the town;
Its front door is on the surface,
And to go in means *go down.*

In the summer comes forth coolness,
In the winter issues heat;—
Find there fun, but never fool'ness,
'Cause there comes from forty feet

'Neath the neat and clean-swept pavement
Water only!—Mother earth
Free dispenses, no depravement
Can invade her home and hearth.

If sin *should* make monstrous visit,
'Twould be buried at its birth!—

Speaking of this water, is it
Not worth more than whiskey's worth?
* * * * * *
Carolina called her children
Up one day in '76;—
Told them that their home and birthright,
Monsters menaced: bade them fix

'Round her castles, firm and frowning,
Forts from which to fiercely fight.
"There will be a glorious crowning,
If the day is won, at night,"

Said young Marion's Morion mother,
And *he* said, with hundreds more:
"If you crown us, Carolina,
We will crown you too, before!"

So the swamp-fox, swift as sunshine,
Swept by British dogs of war;
Laughed while listening to their barking,
Slyly scratched them with his paw,

Bringing blood which brought on battle
Oft with Carolina then;—
Listen!—how the brushwood rattle!
Marion! and his marching men!

Down toward Cowpens, from her hill-tops,
Carolina sees the stir;
Marion's marches, Britons short-stops,
Knows her children care for her

And her dozen sisters, giving
All their sons for liberty;
"Life is not to us worth living,
Unless we can live it free,"

Said she, and through revolution
Rose up forts upon her hills;
Forth they fired for constitution,
While to feed them moved the mills.—

"*White's* old mill" much meal was grinding
For *our* fort's defenders' bread;
Bushels boosted bullets; blinding
Blazes burst 'gainst coats of red!

Scarlet oft blood-red was turning!—
(Though some guns were logs of pine,
Painted, their designer's earning
Fame yet—1899.)

Mill and fort co-operation—
Farmers forcing sacks of corn

To the mill for granulation,
Whence the fort was fed each morn,

Gained such victory and glory
That the folks for miles made will
They'd one city make; did so they,
And they christened it "*Fort Mill.*"

By that fort that flamed with fury,
By that old revolving mill;
Didn't they name it right? Grand jury
Never found a truer bill!

We've the name and we're the people,
By our fathers who are dead!
And though some have chased the steeple,
As you may perhaps have read,

There are few of such who've wanted
In some rare redeeming trait:
Men like Marion e'er undaunted,
Swift yet cry, "God save the State!"

Deeds are done to-day diviner,
By the faithful of Fort Mill,

Than were done by Carolina
Years ago, when she said NIL

To the Northmen, and Secession
And the Act to Nullify,
Law made, heading the procession,
That resolved to do or die.

They're the cream of Carolina—
The good people of Fort Mill—
And though some of them are finer
Than the others, most have still

Blood just like the "Grand old Rebel"
Had who fought a million foes:
And they'll pay back double—treble
To the tramplers on their toes.

Yet their bravery when defending
All that's great, that is, that's good,
In the way of love unending
Has not in one instance stood.

Long and lovingly we linger
'Round this region so renowned;
For mementoes many a finger
Picks up pebbles from the ground.

See those bullets bruised and beaten,
Huddled in that tiny hand?—
Through men's hearts they plowed;—they sweeten
Every furrow of the land.

Glorious land our soldiers camped on,
Who were kind enough to kill,
Under men like Marion, Hampton,
Fiercest foes of fair Fort Mill.

Ah, the cream of Carolina
Are the folks of fair Fort Mill—
Naught can break the kindred tie nor
Waste my wishes that no ill

Evermore shall touch the cradle
Of my childhood's holy hopes;
Touch the love-land where I stayed till
Swept from off its sunlit slopes

By my destiny's Designer!
Uncontaminated still
Keep the cream of Carolina
Fortitudinous Fort Mill.

EPILOGUE.

Though I'm nevermore among you,
I have well, sincerely sung you.—
Now I reach the northern pole of—
Of my poem—and the whole of—
FORT MILL HOLDS THE HEART AND SOUL OF
JAMES HAMPTON LEE.

TO THE UNECLIPSABLE SUN.

I.

Now the moon casts a shadow and makes red the sun,
Producing a darksome eclipse;—
Now a man throws a kiss at his chief chosen one,
And it lands on her lovely lips.

II

To a round, red sea those rare ruby lips,
Through love's glass, through love's kiss, are changed;
And upon that sea, sail pure white ships
(That's her teeth), like a crescent arranged.

III.

Now that blood-red sea and those snow-white ships,
They're aglow with a sun's bright beams;
'Tis the sun of man's love—it can know no eclipse,
For it shines in a poor man's dreams.

IN MEMORY OF THE MAN WITH ENOUGH OF MONEY.

POLICEMAN RAGLEY saw a man leaning against a building on James Street at noon yesterday. He approached and gave the apparent sleeping man a push, when he fell to the pavement dead. A hurry call for the ambulance was sent in. The surgeon, upon his arrival, pronounced the man dead from natural causes. In his pocket was found an identification card, conveying the information that his name was James H. Lee, and that he had no home. He also had a newspaper clipping, showing he had recently advertised for work as a clerk. The only cash in evidence was one five-cent piece.

—*New York Herald, June 26th, 1900.*

"If he had not enough of money to defray expenses of shipping body here, bury there."—Extract from letter received from wealthy brother of deceased, living in Florida. This is what inspired (rather provoked) the following poem.

JUST a few words, justice giving
To a strange young soul just fled;
'Tis what James H. Lee, the living,
Says for James H. Lee, the dead.

* * * * * * * *

"If he had not enough of money," you wrote,
"Be sure to bury him there."

But hold for a moment, I just want to note,
That I wouldn't consider it fair

To bury a man among strangers so quick,
Ten hundred of miles away.
This is my private platform, and to it I'll stick,
Till the poet's election day.

Yes, he died as the papers said, Sir,
And he left—well, he left his *will;*
And when it was opened and read, Sir,
It mentioned a spot sweet and still

On the banks of a Southern river,
As the place he would love to rest;
On the banks of a *Southern* river,
For he loved the South the best.

Oh, he loved it, we fear, Sir, better
Than ever the South loved him.
As we read through your strange, sad letter,
Our eyes grew wet and dim.

We have thought it, Sir, terrible pity
That his dust should be doomed to lie
In the Potter's field foul of a city;
It was hard enough, Sir, to die

Far away without father or mother
Or sister, to comfort or cheer;
Without the handclasp of a brother;
Oh, we cannot, Sir, *bury* him here.

We *cannot* because we are human;
We will honor his last request.
We cannot because, Sir, a *woman*
Once held him against her breast.

Sir, we went to the old morgue-keeper,
And we begged for his ice-cold dust;
When over the soulless sleeper
We performed our tender trust.

Full of sweet Southern flowers we shall fill his
Grave when time and when tide will allow;
Until then wreaths of laurel and lilies
Crown his casket above his brow.

While over his young heart, broken
By strife and by storm so dire,
Red garlands of roses betoken
That his path lay through the fire.

All in silk, Sir, we've shrouded the martyr
indeed,
To a city's black crime—UNCONCERN!

Too proud he to beg from or barter with greed,
He asked but the chance, Sir, to *earn*—

Just the chance so unjustly denied him alway
(Takes an anchor to hold the ship fast).
Sir, he died like a hero; deride him you may,
But he's found him a home at last.

He has found him a home where all of his bills
Will be paid by the *Bank of Love;*
But his dust, it shall sleep by the beautiful hills
Of the South till its borne above.

We shall carry him back, with or without thanks,
And according, dear Sir, to his will,
We shall lay him to rest by the river's green banks,
Where the song birds may sing to him till—

Well, until all the money of men's but a puff
Of smoke in the blue-burnt air,
And then, Sir, we guess HE'LL HAVE MONEY ENOUGH
For he goes to his God from there!

WHEN I SAW HER LYING THERE.

When I saw her lying there,
Hidden in her silken hair,
Shrouded sweet in snowy white,
By this Sabbath's morning light,—
Saw her by an accident,
Through a door by which I went—
On her soft, sequestered couch;—
I must confess ('Tis truth, I vouch)
I paused, I looked, I smiled, I thought:—
('Tis doubtful, whether, though, I ought)

Here lies a jewel rare and fair,
Which some man soon will wish to wear;
Which some man soon will work to own;—
A *human* gem—not one of stone.

Yes, there she lay and slept and dreamed;—
An angel in my sight she seemed.
But still the fair-haired darling slept;—
As yet she'd been from trouble kept.
But as earth's purest gems must be

All cut and crystalized, so she
Must some time pass from peace to pain,
Must leave life's sunshine for life's rain;
Must pass from playfulness to strife
And toil and care—yes—such is life.

Yet, Fairy, from life's misty mine
You'll be brought forth to brightly shine;
When you've emerged, you will adorn
Some higher sphere than on this morn.
If you'll engage to meet me then,
I vow by my lead-pencil pen,
That I will the appointment keep;—
Please be *awake,* though—not asleep.

THE HERO OF TWO FLAGS.

LINES ON THE LEE MONUMENT, LEE PARK, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

THE name of Lee—would none but he,
And his pure lineage unmixed,
Had borne it; for it then would be
Far 'bove all soil forever fixed.

Still, come what will, from now until
Time's old and hath itself forgot,
Can man's whole soul fail to fill and thrill
With love to hear his name? May not

Then one like me, honored so much
To bear that name, while not of kin,
Express the great Virginian such
As all the world knows he has been?

Virginia in virginity
To name of Lee plighted her troth;
Virginia's fair first family
Our Robert Edward Lee brought forth.

A warrior for his country's good
He thought to be, and well did train,
And Lee failed not in all he could
To save the stars and stripes from stain.

His genius mounts of Mexico,
And Montezuma's Halls well knew;
Where'er his country called to go,
Lee went; and to his trust was true.

But when 'twas torn asunder wide,
The soldier, who on arms had slept,
Awoke—to cast the flag aside
For which he'd fought—awoke and wept.

'Gainst his own blood and home his hand,
He could not lift—God's voice in Mars,
He heard—and crossed, at his command,
From "stripes and stars" to "stripes and bars."

Beneath the one he bravely fought
That wealth and peace with us might dwell;
To better blessings still he sought
To aid the South, which, falling, fell.

Around our firesides, noble Lee,
  Our children hear how fated laws
Decreed that slaves should be set free,
  Who're worse than slaves since "Our Lost
    Cause"!

The field was lost—all was not lost!
  Was might 'gainst right? But here have we
Reared up a monument of cost,
  To testify our love to thee.

Sit, face to south, on "Traveler" now,
  Majestic form in uniform;
Well may the south winds smooth thy brow—
  It once pressed north through leaden storm.

Grant's northern troops around him cried:
  "Lee is immortal!—can't you see?"
While southern soldiers round thee died;
  And, dying, lisped, "Immortal Lee.!"

No statue then, of stone and steel,
  Need we for Lee; for memory
Of deeds of zeal for country's weal
  Survives through all eternity.

THE CRITIC.

Oh, Critic, why not expand your mind,
So that between man and events you'll find
More just comparison—tell more that's true—
Give honor to him to whom honor is due?
Why permit the environments of fickle youth
To outrage all equity, pervert the truth?
It's not always the head that's laurel-crowned
That is greatest or wisest in the world to be found.

Don't say Webster, Lincoln or Cicero
Had never an equal, unless you know;
For if the truth were but known and to the world given,
As it surely will be at the entrance to heaven,
We'd find there were those who in the race could have run,
And have out-Cæsared Cæsar—been great as Gladstone.
Nor is it always the heart with a halo around

That's most worthy of homage and praise most
profound.

Don't argue that Grant was greater than Lee,
Better tell us the earth surpasses the sea;
For never a conqueror left battlefield
But had coped with one who could mightily
wield.
Let us never forget when we vict'ry commend
That the private was there from beginning to
end;
And it's not alone the General in uniform
Who wins the battle and braves the storm.

You dare not assert that when Napoleon fell
Wellington whipped him—"he was trapped"
—then—well;
There never was won a conflict for right,
But the noblest of all expired in the fight.
Oh, Critic, come forth. Rise up in your power
Above prejudice, wrong. Criticise each hour;
But of victor or vanquished—speaking well or
ill—
Let truth be untrammeled—oh! truth give us
still.

THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS BORN.

WELL, Sir, here's to the man who never was
born;—
Ah, you say that sounds strange, Sir, and
funny;
I'll explain; he's unhappy, yet never forlorn,—
He's the man with enough of money.

Though 'tis true that the man who never was
born,
Once addressed a poor poet as "pappy,"
He's unborn just the same, Sir; acknowledge
the corn:
He's the man who is perfectly happy.

When you see, Sir, this man who never was
born,
He's not monstrous; he's every whit human:
He's the man who e'er night time retires or at
morn
E'er awakes without thinking of woman.

TETE-A-TETE.

THERE's just one whom I know in the city,
Only one, whom I'll surely allow
Is bright in her home-life, and duty
Casts no shadow across her brow.

Every dawn brings a merry "good morning,"
Each dusk hears sincerely "good night;"
And in the garden this flower is adorning
There's hardly an action but's right.

Each task, with its trials and troubles,
Is a pleasure instead of a pain;
For so often her voice, as music,
Is heard through both sunshine and rain.

And this is written so you can tell her,
Ere it's late or else is forgot,
That she's heir to a whole half acre
Of my estate—in memory's plot.

GRANT'S TOMB.

WHAT man is there in all the world
Who can approach to Grant's great tomb,
And, beholding our flag of might unfurled,
Not love—e'en die—for his land—his home?

Is there one so base who could not say,
As he stood by Grant's remains,
That his soul was moved from that very day
Toward nobler and grander planes?

None can there be who within this shrine
Could think of the Union so strong and true
And not sing in his heart, as I write from mine
Of the "Star-Spangled Banner," bright red
white and blue.

Oh, that marvelous pile speaks with wondrous
tone
Of the love in our every breast
For the man who led his millions on,
And won for us peace and rest.

He conquered once and his deeds still give,
To preserve the great Union by,
The truth, " 'Tis not all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

Speak on, thou everlasting stones,
And Grant's fame always increase;
Signal his words to all earth's zones—
" Let us have peace "—eternal peace.

GRAB DAT COTTON WID DEM DAR PAWS.

GRAB dat cotton wid dem dar paws,
Daddy gwine er git er little Santy Clauz.
I know Jack Frost dem fingers bite,
But Santy is er comin er round ternight.

CHORUS.

Possum and taters, butter an' brandy,
Egg-nog cake an' Murlassiz candy;
Drinkin's and dancin's, banjur pickin's,
An' er eatin' er Mistur Jones' chickins,—
O Lor' fur dis cause,
Grab dat cotton wid dem dar paws.

Dat dar crack cotton you fetched frum fur;
Out er rows dats long an' short cornder;
You's walk forty mile—lost lots er time—
Fur dar crack cotton, an' it's wuf one dime.

Wid dat one dime go play crack loo—
Win muney fur me, win muney fur you;

We'll sin again shins—heads crack fur a fac'
Till we's spilt out ol' Santy's track.

Grab dat cotton wid dem dar paws,
Daddy gwin er git er little Santy Clauz;
Chris'mas don't come but once er year,
So may you, po' niggur, hav' you' share.

. . .



A SONG OF THE SEA.

DIURNALLY coming and going,
Eternally ebbing and flowing.
Endlessly leaping and falling,
Recklessly rocking—appalling;
Restlessly swaying and swelling:
Its unpronounceable spelling,
Its infinite rolling and reeling—
Gives an *inexpressable* feeling.

Swaying sublimely and curling,
Swinging serenely and swirling,
Sweeping and swishing and slashing,
Roaring and pouring and dashing,
Solemnly sighing and surging—
Ever beseeching or urging,—
Such seems the deep, dark ocean,
The wonderful, weird, white ocean;
Such seems the bright, blue ocean—
So sounds the still, stern ocean,
Such seems the strange, strong ocean,—
Such IS the wide, wild ocean,
According to my notion.

LINES TO A WOMAN.

THERE are women who will, there are women who won't
Quite imagine they think they could love you;
There are women who do, there are women who don't
Believe they were born far above you.

There are women whose No might be translated yes;
There's a WOMAN—oh listen about her—
Who is everything good, and yet naughty, I guess,
Because, though divine, she's a doubter.

This doubter this writer once claimed for his friend;
He no longer as such she regards;
Our friendship, though faithful, has come to an end,
Without enmity, yet we're at odds.

Yes, this friendship, full dear, it just had to
end,
Though as pure as the blue above her;
For what mortal man could long be HER
FRIEND
Without being also—her LOVER?

LINES TO A COOK.

I hope the hands that cooked this cake
May handle roses year by year;
I trust no thorn shall on them make
A scar, and that time bring no tear

To dim the eyes which saw its sweet,
Soft surface—eyes too far away—
Too far away my own to meet—
Until some more auspicious day.

I hope no harm will cause her heart—
My *mother's* heart—to ever ache;
I hope that "Home, Sweet Home"—its art,
Its love, its loved ones—for *her* sake

Will grow more beautiful and grand.—
Meantime my *thoughts* shall daily take
Me back;—in mind I'll clasp the hand
That made me what— I *eat*—this cake.

TO THE SOUL OF A SONG.

Oh! that I might join the Choir Invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence.
—GEORGE ELIOT.

ARTIFICIAL instrument
Genius never yet hath lent
Such sweet sounds as thrill and throng
Through our hearts at *human* song.
Organs of them all the choice,
Vie in vain with *human* voice;—
Vainly vie with *woman's* sure,—
Rich and resonant and pure.

* * * * * * * *

One there is in our church choir
Who can cause a flame of fire
To enkindle every heart.
("In sweet music is such art.")
Hear her Sabbath morn and eve!
You'll be better, and believe.
Listening to a lingering note

From her white and dainty throat,
Like a benediction seems
From the Land of Love and Dreams.
Happier and better by her,
We can say her hymns inspire.
Solos sedative and sweet
Make our hearts with Heaven beat.
Some sweet day around the Throne
May our voices with her own,
In the praise of God unite—
Sing of love and life and light!



THE DEATH OF THE CENTURIES.

EACH passing century
Men grow more wise and free.
The centuries which have flown,
Each mounted higher throne;
And, dying, each gave birth
To blessings more of worth.
Progressing thus shall come
The world's millennium:
In nations all God's will well done,
And every man a Washington.

THE HEART SONG.

DID you hear that cymbal sounding
Beneath your window to-day
If so, with its living music,
What seemed it to you to say?

Was there not a thrill delightful
When that song—the sweet maiden's art—
Up through your window was wafted
Right into your very heart?

Did you ever ask the question
To yourself as you passed along;
"For what is this maiden singing,
Whence comes this marvelous song?"

How oft, if she's singing for money,
She sings her song in vain?
But you left her empty-handed—
She only smiled—then sang again.

This is not the "Maid of Athens,"
But she's of just as fair a hue;
Her crimson cheeks this morning
Speak of skies of Italian blue.

Yes, she came from that land of sunshine,
Crossed over the ocean blue;
And the songs which she learned in Childhood,
She sings them to me and to you.

Just sings them because she is happy,
Her pure heart never grows sad;
Sings from morn until evening
From a soul that is always glad.

And the man with the old hand-organ,
Who travels along by her side,
Plays ever without a murmur,—
She's his little angel bride.

Think kindly of them—won't you?
They have started, as you and I,
On the journey of life to battle,
And it's battle thus or die!

She's as pure as the dew of heaven,
You can know it by her song;
And heart-songs are worth more than a penny—
When you see her help her along.

They proceed from corner to corner,
Or from house to house they go,
With organ and song and cymbal,
But returns are exceeding slow.

And at evening they go to their cottage
Way down on the river's brink;
But the pennies which they have gathered
Are few, and no doubt they think

That the world is very cruel
And it is useless to sing or to plead,
Or else it's so busy and selfish,
It cares not to heed their need.

No, it's *he*—not she—that thinks so,
For on each successive morn
She rises and sings and cheers us,
And helps the world adorn.

THE BLACK-BIRDS.

In the land where summers simmer—
Land than any dream much dimmer—
Once a mystical Miss Mimmer,
Met a man,
Plodding o'er a plowed-up prairie,
In the quest of black-birds, wary;—
But (mysterious missionary)
Off she ran.

Crash: the gun slipped from his shoulder;—
Fast he flew till by a boulder,
Soon he overtook and told her
Who he was:
When, with modest mien, Miss Mimmer,
Manifesting still more timor,
Sudden turned—and showed to him a—
Pair of stars.

Ah, those stars (her EYES) were glistening;
For his voice she stood there listening—
Like a mother at the christening

Of her child.
Now, this hunter—wolves had trailed him,
THINGS of all kinds had assailed him;
But his heart had never failed him
In the wild:

Yet he halted—hesitated
Here;—this unsophisticated
Girl, to no man near related,
(Whence this smoke?)
Cast at him her withering glances.
First he thought, "I'll take no chances";
Then, "the hunter never can't says";
So he spoke.

"Miss—I beg your pardon" (smiling);—
"Maybe I'm in error, styling
You as 'Miss'; but I was whiling
Time away
At a task a neighbor set me—
Killing black-birds, when you met me.
I'll assist you, if you'll let me—
If I may."

"Are you not that Daniel Boone, Sir,
Who can stay the silver moon, Sir?
Who has captured every coon, Sir,

That exists?
If you are—then you're no other
Than the man who slew my brother.
Oh, I'm going to my mother,
Sir, it mists."

"Yes, it mists and it amazes
This poor dying bunch of daisies,
For this drouth—behold what blazes—
Look, what smoke!
We're a mile from yonder stubble;
We will burn as bursts a bubble:
Maiden, move or there'll be trouble,—
That's no joke."

Thus it came to pass Miss Mimmer
Either hence must fly with him or—
Face that furious, fiery film o'er
All the ground.
Ere he knows it, fast she's going.
Back her beauteous black hair blowing,
Where the black-birds search the sowing,
Safe and sound.

But the flames, like youths in laughter,
Hotly hurl themselves close after;—
Look—one leaps between—they'll have to

Separate.
On the fresh fed fire still rages,
O'er the cactus and the sages;
So have burned through all the ages—
Fires of FATE.

Through the fog and smoke he staggers,
Searching—in his hands his daggers;—
While her corpse—no beast would drag her's
To his den.—
Saving life, the far-off swimmer
Thinks of not what's thought of him or—
Well, one like him sought Miss Mimmer,
Until ten—

Until *midnight* sought Miss Mimmer,
In the moonlight's glow and glimmer;
Heaven, he *hoped,* had saved for him her
Hand and Heart.
Ah! at last he's bending o'er her;
Hear him helplessly implore her:
" Maiden, speak "; but nevermore her
Lips will part.

Could he—could he live without her?—
Shreds of cloth he wrapped about her,
Then with feelings far devouter

Than he'd known.
Took he up the Indian Maiden,
To a tomb by Nature made in
Certain caverns he had stayed in
Once alone.

With him went his faithful pointer,
Watching as he would anoint her;
Heir with Christ was she and joint-heir;
Comfort, that.
Twice he thought he heard her calling,
While his tears were gently falling—
While his pointer in appalling
Silence sat.—

Gently late next night he laid her
In the grave that God had made her;—
Do loved faces ever fade or
Can love end?
Could the hunter e'er forget her?
No! for he had found a letter,
Which I, though to him I'm debtor,
Here append:

"Sir, of daisies you have spoken
In a way which would betoken
You are not that wild, unbroken

Boone I hate:
One who feels for e'en a flower,
Could not slay so much per hour—
Sir—I'm dying—and the shower—
Came too late!"

And the Hunter?—still he's waiting
For *his* summons, oft debating
If 'tis best when tales relating,
Truth to tell.
Still his gun, that day forgotten,
Lies beneath some weeds, half rotten,
And the black-birds, never shot on—
They are well.

Every night a thousand, flocking,
Move about the cavern, mocking;
For they know no gun is cocking
Within range.
And Miss Mimmer still is sleeping,
With the black-birds vigil keeping,
In the field where now's no reaping—
Such the change!

But each morn the black-birds taking
Wing are symbols of *her* waking,
When she'll bless the hunter's aching

Heart with bliss:
In th' Elysian fields he'll meet her;
Kindly with her kindred greet her,
While ten thousand birds sing sweeter
Songs than this.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

COMBINING usefulness with beauty,
The old bridge does her duty well,
Safely serving millions over,
She could many stories tell.

Across her spans built so fantastic,
Within the wake of spire and dome,
The youthful trip with step elastic—
The aged feel their way toward home.

Builded by skillful engineering,
She has foundations firm and sound;
Nor time nor tide can with all wearing
Affect its fame the world around.

Uniting what were sister cities
Into a grander, "Greater" one,
Brooklyn Bridge, which no one pities,
Has a task that's never done.

Roar of wheels and tread of footstep
Never ceases night or day;

"Onward, onward—ever onward,"
Is what each one seems to say.

Millions from every clime and nation
Known to this terrestrial sphere,
Pass in sadness or in gladness
O'er Brooklyn's Bridge from year to year.

They may come and go forever
Till generations have passed by,
But Brooklyn Bridge, across East river,
Will conduct them o'er without a sigh.

Now let us all learn well a lesson
Which Brooklyn Bridge cannot but teach
A bridge's spans thus joined together
Go farther than our span of life can reach.

Just like the bridge, let's never waver
Nor rest till every duty's done,
Make our lives the means of helping over
The river of trouble each helpless one.

So stand upon this rock, rememb'ring
There's a promise we'll not fall;
Toiling, hoping, loving, living
One for the other—each for all.

To the Grand Army of the Republic, in Commemorative Camp, at Philadelphia, Pa., September 4th to 9th. 1899, the following lines, written on

THE AVENUE OF FAME,

Are sincerely Dedicated by the Author.

ARMY GRAND of the Republic—
Welcome!—You we gladly greet;
Philadelphia for the faithful
Feels her heart profoundly beat;—

For your sons who've shown their valor,
Pitted late 'gainst Sons of Spain,
Taught they to your footsteps follow,
All our enemies are slain.

And thus you as the descendants
Of the Revolution sires,
Learned from they, as they from others,
How to feed fair freedom's fires.

Men must die, but through the ages
Their divinest deeds will live;

Such as yours to history's pages
Greater, grander glory give.

But ere death in peace—communion;
Here in eighteen ninety-nine,
Veterans in a rare reunion
Drink, not blood, but ruby wine.

Here we've made you Courts of Honor—
Built you Avenues of Fame;—
Hailed we so the Grand New Army
Ere the Old Grand Army came.

Reverence and love undying
Laurel wreaths and immortelles,
Symbolize to you who're ringing
Round your camps now peaceful bells.

For a separate Southern nation
Fought the South; you, Soldiers, sought
That your sister fair no other
Name should take, and victory wrought.

Peoples listen, now we christen
Us the "Re-United States";
Blue and Gray together go now
Up to Glory's golden gates!

Few the years till fifty thousand
On such " Avenue of Fame "
Cannot gather;—no encampment
Evermore will be the same.

Comrade, arm in arm with comrade,
Pointing to the powerful past,
Well, ah well, here may you linger,
For this time may be the last.

Oft, too oft, on field of battle,
Have you broken camp before,
And returning from the burning,
Knew a comrade was no more!

Freely Philadelphia gives you
All she can now of good cheer:
Army Grand of the Republic,
May you not decrease next year.

Take our hearts' best wishes with you
From this land of William Penn;
God be with you, Grand good Army,
Till somewhere we meet again.

VERSES TO MISS BLANK.

To Miss Blank,
Whom I would thank,
If she would rank
Me with her friends.

* * * * *

HAD a little of typewriting,
That upon a recent day
I wished done, and, so, inditing
It, I went to the "O. K."

Yes, quite hurriedly I wended
Through the crowd my thoughtless way;
But before my journey ended—
Well, I'm *thinking* some to-day!—

Thinking of the *unexpected*—
That which comes to pass.—Just so!—
And I'm slightly now dejected,
'Cause there's *something I don't know.*

I don't know *the name of some one*—
Of a gravely going girl!—

Has a sort of air to stun one—
Set one's soul all in a whirl.

Saw her on the elevator—
Strange!—she got off on my floor!
I should like right well to state her—
But I'll meet her nevermore (?)

If she knew, though, in this city,
I've no friend or relative,
Don't you think she'd just through pity
Some sweet entertainment give

To a man who'se just as lonely
As a lonely man can be?
He would not ask much, but only,
Wish that *Sometimes* slyly he

Might but be the slender sharer
Of the valued company
Of a girl who seems some fairer
Than some others seem to be.

'Course, she's no companion ***needing,***
Not, at least, among my sex;
For a book I saw her reading,
And to interrupt might vex.

Still if she *could* spare a little
(And she *could* if she but *would*)
Of her friendship—*just a little*—
I would try to be as good.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ah! they say she doesn't do it—
(Typewriting);
Yet, perhaps, if I should plead,
Since she this can't *write* (to *rue* it),
She will condescend to *read*.

Laugh, while o'er these pages leaning,
Laugh, and read *between* the *lines*.
There you might see more of meaning
Than the verse itself confines.

* * * * * * * * *

Know Miss Blank?—
Bet my bank
Account she's frank
Toward her friends.

THE MODERN MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER—same sweet smiling lass—
Just read—just hear what's come to pass.

I've read on Maud ten volumes pat,
But what all fail to note is that

She hied her forth one *winter's* day,
To give her good pet horse some hay,—

Same pure sweet hay herself had cut,
Same hay the Judge once smelled when—but

I'd better tell you how Maud came
To own that horse " Black Judge," by name.

* * * * * * * *

I learn from an authentic source,
The Judge retraced his lonely course

That day just as the sun went down,
With horse, heart, honor, hope, renown.

He saw her hay, sweet-smelling still;
He saw her house upon the hill;

He saw—that is to say we *think,*
He saw his horse must have a drink.

Therefore he rode up to the well—
Miss Maud was there;—why? Who can tell?

Of course, the farmer's darling daughter
Half drowned both horse and man with water.

The Judge, he drank so much so quick
He suddenly grew deathly sick.

He in Maud's father's house grew worse,
And Maud—well Maud the Judge did nurse.

He saw her fair form flitting by;—
He saw it with a Judge's eye.

He felt each day her tender touch,
He loved her ministrations much.

He loved her, too, you may believe;
At least he did not haste to leave.

And when he did he left a-foot;—
He'd in Maud's father's stable put

His best black horse;—it made a stir,
For it belonged, he swore, to *her.*

The neighbors did each other nudge;
They could not comprehend the Judge.

They talked and laughed—they laughed and talked
Of how the Judge had homeward walked.

The Judge had walked though oft before,
Though he had horses by the score.

None knew but Maud, though, in that part,
He'd swapped a horse for a human heart.

I HATES TO CALL YOU, BUT I HAS IT TO DO.

WAKE up dar, nigger; day's er breakin';
De night's been short, but atwixt us two,
De grass is er growin' while de crops is er makin';
Hates to call you, but I has it to do.

CHORUS.

I hates to call you, but I has it to do.
I hates to call you, but I has it to do.
I knows you's tired an' sleepy, too—
I hates to call you but I has it to do.

Git up, Melindy, an' fry dat bacon
Afore I gits me er 'vorce from you;
For your old man you sho' mus' reckon—
Hates to call you, but he has it to do.

Ole mars'er, he'll be er rarin' an er pitchin';—
He wants dat acre weeded through.

Dar ain't one spark er fire in de kitchen—
Hates to call you, but I has it to do.

Wake up dar, nigger—Joshua's a comin'!
Straight up dat sky so bright an' blue.
Dem honey bees he's done set er hummin'—
I hates to call you, but I has it to do.

BOBBIE'S TOAST UNTO A GHOST.

DID you ever see a ghost
That would make your hair almost
Stand up endwise in the dark?
(Did you ever miss your mark?)
Did you ever see one rise
Right before your very eyes?—
If you saw an ugly one
Did you play the coward and run?
If you didn't, then you'd be
Braver than is Bobbie Lee!
But I'm here to make a boast;
Boys, I've met up with a ghost
Twenty-fourth of each December
As far back as I remember,
That is different from the rest;—
He of all ghosts is the best.
I have often near him stood,
And he's *wonderfully* good:
Tell you what he's done for me,
So that you yourselves may see.
Hear, my friends, in rhyme my story

Of a ghost whose hair is hoary;
Of a ghost who's always going
Round the world his gifts bestowing.
Flies he far and flies he near,
Driving, as some say, his deer;
And the only trace that's seen
Of the place this ghost has been,
Is sometimes, they say, a track
Down a sooty chimney back,
Or a dent upon house-roofs,
From his deer's most dainty hoofs.
Children love him and him fear,
For he comes 'round once a year—
Comes and frightens them to bed,
And then gives them gifts, 'tis said:
Pretty things that money cost,
He's an *awful* funny ghost!
Now, I've given you the wink,
Let me say just what I think.
I've been huddled up in bed,
With the blankets 'bove my head,
Every year on Christmas Eve;
And I've tried to make believe
I was sleeping sure and sound
When that ghost was coming round:
All precautions I would take,

But all night I stayed awake;
I was not the best of boys,
But the ghost left lots of toys,
And all sorts of extra joys,
That would crash and make a noise.
Not one thing to name that's sweet,
But he left for me to eat.
That's the kind of ghost I've met,
And you've heard of him, I bet.—
If you've got a sweetheart, tell her
(Sadie, Sue, or Cinderella),
That the ghost's a fine old fellow
Treating everybody mellow—
Black or white or red or yellow.
Well, I've done as I intended,
And my speech is almost ended.
Now, my mates, I'll ask you kindly,
Look upon my failings blindly.
And give Bob a little glory
For his very first ghost story.
Boys, I tell you, as I pause,
This strange ghost is Santa Claus!
Do you know now who it is?
If you don't, you won't—Gee whiz!
Now, before I stop, I think,
I'll suggest we often drink,

In the future near, this toast,
To this wise and famous ghost:
"MAY NO BOY OR GIRL HERE CAUSE
GRIEF TO COME TO SANTA CLAUS."



THE TWO LOVERS; OR, FOUND AND LOST.

Lines on the statue of William Penn, City Hall Square, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA found a lover,
  Just two hundred years ago;
Crossed he the deep and dark blue ocean,
  Whence he sought her soul to know.
To his great warm heart he pressed her—
  And again—then once again;
'Twas her long expected brother,
  Worthy Quaker, William Penn.
Open-armed she then embraced him,
  Threw ajar her urban gate;
And, her brother's love around her,
  Henceforth lived in stately state.

All her foes he killed with kindness,
  Nor did ever Indian wrong;
Dealt White Brother with Red Brother,
  As with weak should deal the strong.
Thus Miss Philadelphia's garments

As a nimbus did increase;
Under trees of truthful treaty
Smoked the calumet of peace;
Till, his life task well accomplished,
Penn passed out of earthly ken,
And bequeathed his loves and labors
To the hands of other men.

Then Miss Philadelphia, mourning,
Cried to those beyond the sea,
How this noble son of England
Planted here his colony.
So they came and cultivated
The good seed that Penn had sown;
Till the thousands of the sowing
Into millions more had grown.
Then they thought of Penn's pure presence—
Never more on earth—but then—
His great Spirit still was with them,—
Famous father William Penn.

"It can never die—that spirit—
But let us his image give
To the coming generations—
Let him in a statue live"—
Thus Miss Philadelphia's council

Counseled her—said she, "You shall";
So with reverence we raised him
To his lofty pedestal.
Stands he there through wind, through weather,
Nor doth aught divert his gaze,
Looking down, as if from Heaven,
On our good or evil ways.

Sunbeams brush the dew each morning
From beneath his broad hat brim;
And their last act every evening
Is to sweetly smile on him.
Reaching round him in a circle,
Lanterns of electric light,
Shine like sunshine through the blackness
Of the city's fog at night.
"May these bright lamps be my children,"
Says the visage so benign,
"Emblems how all Pennsylvania
Lets the card'nal virtues shine."

Hourly cast we up our glances
To that figure from below;
Hourly doth he seem recording
Whence we come and where we go.

Geometrically spoken,
  Thou art high above us, Penn—
But more high didst tower in morals,
  While with us a citizen.
As we look up to thy statue,
  Even so to thee thyself
We aspire, and oft remember
  Thou didst crave no earthly pelf.

Dear Philadelphia soon was married;
  We, her sons and daughters round
Penn's grand statue daily gather;
  It is consecrated ground.
There we've built us halls of justice,
  Where repented sins are owned;
There doth Wisdom and Dame Mercy
  With Penn's spirit sit enthroned.
There they'll reign with Peace, and prosper,
  If we like this man of men
Mould our principles and conduct—
  Blessed, beloved William Penn.

Philadelphia lost a lover,
  Near two centuries ago;
Parting from him—arms about him—
  The farewell brought tears to flow.

Yes, for father, mother, brother,—
  All in one to her was he,
And she'll seldom find another
  In relationship of three.
Stay his statue then, and never
  May a storm his features mar;
Dwell his spirit in us ever,
  It has made us what we are.

LINES TO A BRIDEGROOM.

From our Colonel Cupid's city;
From off the brave, bold breeze,
From off the blue sapphire seas,
From out of my own heart's ease,
Receive, with your bride, friend, please,
My glad congratulations,
On love's sweet consummation.
Receive this greeting
In lieu of meeting.

IN MEMORY OF

BABY MARIE,

INFANT DAUGHTER OF

FRANCES LEE AND JAS. T. YOUNG.

She was born November 14th, 1895, and was taken August 10th, 1896. Age, 8 months, 27 days.

"Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child? And she answered, it is well."

—II Kings iv. 28.

We were a band of brothers,
Who with each other vied,
To dearest love a sister
Whose presence gratified.

That she'd be near us always,
Was what we wished;—we knew
She'd many make life's May-days,
And wintry ones make few.

But came to see her one day—
A single man in heart;

And soon we saw—all saw—they
Could ne'er live life apart.

* * * * * * * * *

"Two little hands lay sweetly locked;
Two faces o'er a cradle bent:
These pressed together while they rocked;
Those watched a life that love had sent."

"Beauty has no mortal father;
Holy light her form engendered,
Out of tremor, yearning, gladness,
Presage sweet, and joy remembered."

Beauty's gone—Marie has left us—
But for fairer, kinder climes;
Beauty, of whom God bereft us,
Hears now Heaven's soft songs and chimes.

* * * * * * * * *

O Spirit Holy, lift—uplift,
From our hearts the veil Despair;
Since thou who gav'st that beauteous gift,
Hast taken her back up there.

As we've thought of the sweet angelic form
That has vanished from our sight,

Doubts' winds would moan mid the heart's
grief storm—
"Can this now—*so soon*—be right?"

But now sweet birds sing o'er her grave,
Then wing their way across the wave;
God sends them there; Marie was given
To help bring other souls to Heaven.

* * * * * * * *

Her little cross she briefly bore—
Her little life laid down—
Though here on earth Marie's no more,
Above she wears a crown.

THE BEAUTIFUL CLEAR BLUE SKY.

O, BEAUTIFUL, beautiful, clear blue sky;
Without a beginning, without any end;
Portal to Heaven, my thoughts to thee tend—
To thy glories I would draw nigh.

O, beautiful, silently smiling sky—
The veil which restraineth from Heaven our sight;
But containeth the sun, moon and stars for our light;
Thou teachest of God Most High.

To thy convex of crystal, O, high-arched sky—
Immutable pure expanse of Heaven—
We instinctively turn, when tired of earth's leaven,
And often refreshingly sigh.

Delectable, beautiful, bountiful sky
Thou droppest as rain God's heavenly dew.

As earth's awning of azure after storms doth
renew;
After life-storms so may I.

O beautiful, blushing and bland blue sky—
Bespeaking each morning youth and hope for
life's way—
Each evening portraying the close of life's day:
Thy blessings never pass me by.

O, wonderful, calm, cool, dim, deep sky—
Melting the cold and temp'ring the heat;
Be thou the abode of my weary feet,
When to earth and its toils I've said "good-
by."

O garnished and glittering, glimmering sky,
When 'mongst thy fires celestial I stand,
I'll rejoice in the work of Divinity's hand,—
Priceless and boundless as eternity.

Farewell, my beautiful, bright blue sky,
But sometime on wings I hope I may fly
Till thy glories divine come close to my eye:
I'll gladly then leave earth, and, oh! so gladly
die.

THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER.

PART I.

ONCE there was a little maiden,
With high mountain airs much laden,
Hied her down to Seashore City;
  Just for pure fun she came.
As she sought it, so she found it,
For she didn't shy around it:
And a certain little fellow—
  He joined her in the same.

CHORUS.

Oh, when will this twain meet again?
Speak, my dear little dove,
Sweetest messenger of love;
'Tis the last day of summer—
Will they ever meet again?

Well, the day that they were parted,
He was almost broken-hearted;
For a fear his plans were thwarted,

Weighed down his love-lorn heart.
Much he mourned for her—yes, very—
Till, at last, of longing weary,
Almost sad enough to bury,
He searched his lost sweetheart.

PART II.

But be it avenue or street,
He found it and the memry's sweet,
Of how she met him—nice and neat—
At her big bright front door;
And also how they gaily went
To Lover's Leap next day and spent
A little while they don't repent;—
Nor will forevermore.

CHORUS.

Oh, when will this twain part again?
Says my dear little dove,
Sweetest messenger of love:
"'Tis the *first* day of summer—
And they'll never part again."

Is there need of explanation?
Not in an enlightened nation;
Nor is such my contemplation—

Not to you—not to you;
For there is a wisdom from above
Which teaches nothing's like true love—
No, there's nothing like true love,
If it is truly true.



ALONG WITH ALICE WHITE.

'LONG a little winding pathway, from my
country home to school,
Alice White and I each school-day gathered
flowers as a rule;
I'll explain! to give her warning, I a whistle
had you know;
When I passed her house each morning, I that
whistle was to blow;
I can see her now emerging, with her satchel
full of books;
And remember something urging, "Oh, how
beautiful she looks!"

CHORUS.

Then, along with Alice White,
My way would seem serene delight;—
But it's now uncommon dark—
The fire of love emits no spark—
And, I guess, I've missed my mark.

She asked me the spelling lesson and I asked
it her as well;
And to make a free confession, I'm not yet
free from that spell.
How I blew that Kuklux whistle—blew with
all my little might!
And would let no thorn or thistle mar the path
she trod so light.
School is over—prizes given—she took first,
I, second prize;
And though I'm from Alice riven, I'll extol
her to the skies.

Yes,—that prize—she helped me win it—she
stood with me through the strife;
But she's lost as I begin it—this race for the
prize of life.
Lost my whistle is forever,—lost it purposely
one night;
For I've lost all hope of ever finding long lost
Alice White:
Yes, alone I go life's journey; but if not for
fate and sin,
There is something whispers to me that it
diff'rent might have been.

LINES ON MY TWENTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY.

THIS eleventh day of long October,
I'm twenty-two and duly sober.
Just out of life's primary school,
And—know myself—how great a fool!
I've said farewell to the old plantation—
Seek fortune, fame, in emulation.

But filial fire and faith and fervor,
I shall carry with me ever;
From twenty-two till three-score-ten,
I'll use them up for the good of men.
And hope I'll to the world a story
Leave of a life whose end was glory.

And life of love not lost in grieving;
And be not faithless, but believing;—
A life unblamable and just
That will not perish with the dust.
If for this life I'm always trying,
I'll fear not death, but only dying.

In nature's every new idea,
Let me see God with eye of seer;
For "October's child is born for woe,"
Say some who may—or may not—know.
But in trials let my faith be doubled;
And my heart cannot be troubled.

I'll do the duties that lie nearest—
To fiercest foe—to friends who're dearest—
And in Gospel light and liberty,
As my days my strength shall be:
Not one moment without duty—
That's a life of joy and beauty.

On earth I hope for friends true-hearted,
Who'll never from my side be parted;
And when, as mortal, I am free
To put on immortality,
If for a space I'm from them riven,
I'll for them wait and watch in Heaven.

MY DEAR LITTLE ANNIE.

Of our schooldays and ways there were few
who knew;
Fewer still who will care to remember;
And now, Annie, my dear, I fear even you
Will have changed from June to December;
For since then, little friend, we have parted
been,
And I've mixed with the world and its awful
sin.

CHORUS.

Yet, my dear little Annie, your embraces so
many,
And your loving childish kiss,
And your angel smiles the sweetest of any,
I shall often and always miss.

You were just eight years old, as I've since
been told,
When we journeyed to school together;
But your kiss, it was bliss, so innocent bold,

Wonder why you're now shy and whether
You'd fear much me to touch, now so travel-stained;
Ah, you'd be not so free, for your child-love has waned.

O, 'twas grand for your hand—your little white hand—
To lay hold on my own so gently;
If no more here we meet, there's a better land,
Into which we may have joint entry.
Oh! my bright blue-eyed Annie, with teeth white as pearls,
I'll caress nevermore your darling golden curls.

O, my fair little flower, if 'twas in my power,
I would round your blossoms bending,
Drop heavenly dew, send softest shower—
Let you breathe a spring unending;
For I'm sure you are pure as the driven snow,
Although I well know I'm forgot long ago.

THE SONG OF A SOLDIER.

THERE lives a little Filipina,
(As a soldier oft I've seen her)
On that Eastern island greener—
  Well, greener than 'tis free.
Each day she made a sweet segar,
And gave to me—ha, ha, ha, ha—
And gave to me—ah, there you are!—
  And gave direct to me.

CHORUS.

Therefore I call her my Manila,
Ever since, and ever will I;
And you can bet your little life,
One day she'll be my only wife;—
  Mine alone—my own Manila.

A smoke I made as from the funnel
Of a train within a tunnel;—
Her Manila's worth a bundle
  Of the old Havana-filler.
How the memory of it lingers!—

Soon a dandy diamond ring goes
Upon one of the dainty fingers
Of my fair Manila.

One day from out my saddlebag
I took a soiled and tattered rag
And gave to her—and there the flag
Of love we both unfurled.
So when our ship did homeward start,
She gave to me her sunny heart,
And it and I can never part—
No, not in this wide world.



THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

On a village history's pages,
There's a story that will be told
Of a turner of text-book pages—
A professor, profound, brave, bold.

The professor taught writing and reading,
But not alone that did he teach;
Oft his pupils heard praying and pleading
For a better life for each.

Still the old Academy's holding
Its own, and I guess that it still
Holds the echo of many a scolding
Once heard on HUMANITY HILL.

Though the scoldings were meant most kindly,
They were perversely misunderstood;—
Then we childishly saw, and blindly,
But now—well we know he was good.

Oh long may he live here beside us,
Oh long, old Academy, stand;

Though as teacher he often did chide us,
As a friend—a FRIEND—he is grand.

In that schoolhouse he many a matter
Of technics and morals fixed right;
God grant that no storm ever shatter
That mansion of mental light.

Youth's footsteps forever should rumble
Within its personified halls,
And never a brick should crumble
From off of its hallowed walls.

Let the wasps from the belfry be driven,
Let the grand old bell ring free;
Let us honor a life all given
That men wiser, and better be.

Though some of his pupils may wander,
And not his injunctions obey;
RETURNING, they'll meet him up yonder,—
Here is one who will strive and pray.

GIT ER LONG, KEEP MOVIN'.

De grindstone turns fur de ax's sharpenin',
An' around on its axis turns de earth;
Ev'rything God made, he keeps it er movin',
An' he means us to move frum de day of our birth.

CHORUS.

Git er long, keep movin';—
Whatever you duz or duzn't do,
What comes to you or you comes to—
Git er long, keep movin'.

Politics, religion, or a farmin' or a stagin',
Or free or in jail an' you can't git out,—
If you don't want ter die wid de gout when you're agin',
You' had better keep er turnin' aroun' an about.

An' boys, when de girls you goes er courtin',
If de sweetest er hearts you wants to win,—

You mus' never cease er writin' an' er rhymin'
an er rotin'
An' er huggin' an' er kissin' frum de time you
begin.

COME BACK, DEAR JACK, FROM THE KLONDIKE.

TELL me, Jack, why you left for Alaska;
Will you never again return?
Jack, your girl, she said " No," when you asked her,
But already her heart doth burn.

CHORUS.

Come back, dear Jack, from the Klondike,
We will meet with a tender hand-strike,
And we'll cling to each other just like—
Well, as only love can cling.

Flee away from that freezing region;
You may come with or without gold;
There are fortunes, Jack, *here* by the legion,
And there's love, Jack, that can't be told.

Cross again all those bleak, cold mountains;
May the angels your feet true guide;
Soon we'll sit by sweet summer fountains,
Yes, we'll linger once more side by side.

Jack, I know I refused you blindly;—
  Oh! the thought, it will break my heart;
But return from the Klondike, kindly,
  And we never again shall part.

Quick return from the Klondike kingdom;
  O, dear Jack, do not longer rove;
When you come I will treat you handsome,
  Yes, in garden and glen and grove.

Bring me back, Jack, the heart I've broken,
  Bring me back, too, the dear little glove;
For the sake of the girl who loves you,
  For the sake of the girl you love.

THE MAGNOLIA.

Most magnificent Magnolia!
How its fragrance doth enroll you,
In a cloud of dreamy incense as you stand beneath its boughs;
Boughs with glorious greenness glistening;
Boughs on which the birds sit listening
To the echoes of the songs for which their Maker each endows.

Strong and stately—sweet Magnolia!
Every fibre of my soul you
Stir whene'er I see or smell your blossoms white;
For I ever, while admiring
All your beauties, pray, aspiring
That *my* life be near to nature and its light.

Mild and mystical Magnolia,
When I've reached life's grand good goal, you
Still will stand up in my mem'ry—still be green.—

If the woodman's axe, Magnolia,
Lay you low, let *this* console you:
"In your shade one soul was sheltered till
serene."

LINES BY A "BLACK SHEEP."

IN MEMORY OF HIS MOTHER.

ABOVE, about her bier was flowing—overflow-
flowing,
Fair fresh flowers of friend's bestowing—
love's bestowing;
Tears upon her cold face falling—hotly falling
Came from many hearts her noble deeds re-
calling;
All around her words were spoken—softly
spoken;
Words of how her heart was broken—slowly
broken;—
Broke, though by what?—her friends knew
not, though they had given
All they could to cure, and striven—vainly
striven.
Yet there was one who stood there smiling—
sadly smiling;—
(One lost, estranged, till conduct changed
brought reconciling;)—

A son who made her most of trouble, most of sorrow;
Yet one who did his best before and after for her.
He felt he'd gladly leave lone earth to find the mother,
Who with all his faults could love him as no other.
For, friend, the only one who KNEW him has been taken,
Therefore his soul not only feels, but is forsaken;

Yes, only one (she lies there dead) could understand him;
And while the world in guilty red might willing brand him,
She came, caressed, convinced, and said she free forgave him;
And free, too, friend, God pardons him and God will save him.
He smiles because he knows he soon again can give her
A son's glad hand in that blest bourne beyond the river.
There'll greet her on that happy shore besides him many;

But him she'll welcome—no—not *more*—but
much as any.
She'd not be happy *one* to miss—ah, well I
know it;
But she'll, if there's an extra kiss, on him
bestow it.
The others will not envy him, nor one another;
Their glory would his glory dim, but for his
mother.

Cease then crying—cease your sighing—she
might hear it;—
Holy living, happy dying—never fear it,
Different was with the Departed; we shall
find her,
Up in Heaven, lightsome-hearted, and remind
her,
Absence made our hearts grow fonder—ever
fonder,
Now let us follow strict her steps till over
yonder;
They'll lead us to the angels' feet—*they'll lead
us higher*—
UP TO THE VERY THRONE OF GOD,
THOUGH THROUGH THE FIRE!

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Up in de air an' underground,
All sorts o' trains can go;
But when er fellow's homeward bound,
'Pears like *all* trains are slow.

INNUBIBUS; OR, IN THE CLOUDS.

Dedicated to REV. J. E. MCMANAWAY, by whom I was baptized; and to his admirable wife, by whom I have been advised.

PROLOGUE.

DEAR FRIEND:—An airy flight I took alone;
On winged steed traversed each earthly zone.
"Dost thou love picking meat? Or wouldst thou see
A man i' the clouds and hear him speak to thee?
Wouldst read thyself, and read thou knowest not what,
And yet know whether thou art blest or not
By reading the same lines? Oh, then come hither,
And lay my book, thy head and heart together."

* * * * * *

The clouds of God are on their road, to do His holy will;
Sent here—sent there—sent everywhere—earth's thirsty cup to fill.

From north to south, from east to west, they
scatter blessings rich;
To good, to bad, to high, to low,—there's
never question which.
Omnipotent, Omnipresent, Omniscient, is the
hand
That drives them swift—but safely swift—
o'er universal land.

By night; by day, they've gone their way, in-
finity of time;
Fair forest, field, and tender flower, they've
saved from early rime.
With shifting shade, o'er glen and glade, from
sun of scorching heat
They shield, and pour cool waters down to
ripple round our feet.
With thunder and with lightning they sow
sanitary showers;
And laden sweet with snow and sleet in winter
are they ours.

First, thunder-head of pure white lead, doth
decorate the sky;
Then rack of black makes darksome track and
whirls the cyclone by;—

With awful awe, breaks nature's law, and says
—terrific hour!—
" For judgment sent, till men repent of wicked
boast of power."
Yet in good time the sign Divine sets in the
cloud—God's bow—
Speaks trumpet tone from out God's throne—
Earth flood no more shall know!

With loud acclaim the great I AM, times,
seasons, days and years,
Stamps with his seal, that we may feel our
hopes belie our fears;
The sky of blue—stars set thick through—
admiringly we eye;
But, overcast with cloudy blast, our fears, our
hopes belie.
Thus Justice rules—mild Mercy schools—us
all—both great and small—
Till graduate—God's own create—His loves
as strengths appal.

Glorious Geometrician Great, what wonders
hast thou wrought!
Impossible to be expressed, or seen, or known,
or thought!

Incomprehensibility is held thy attribute,
And well, while tabernacling here, might tongue of man be mute.
Ne'er should we guilty creatures say thy miracles for naught
Are shown us here, for every one with lessons good is fraught.

Yonder, on winds of fate, arise hand-clouds from ocean's brink;
Look!—they begin to sweep the skies!—oh, look, and think!—and think!
Ah!—there is one that wastes away!—dissolves in gracious drops!—
Wears out—rains out—on dales and plains, and hills and mountain-tops!
What's there to learn? What did it say?—the cloud that's now no more?—
"What might or light is thine, use right—'twas meant and lent therefore."

From pole to pole, wherever soul has drawn immortal breath;
Or sun of old—life's golden bowl—kissed back earth's lips from death;
God's clouds in forms more various than finite fancy e'er drew—

Like birds and bees and butterflies, of every
kind of hue—
Descend the doors of Heaven and down rain
their sweet manna good,—
A prophecy, the time will be, man will eat
angels' food.

The silver clouds—white glistening shrouds—
do pillar up the East;
From Adam, Noah, Israel, Christ—till now,
they've made nor ceased.
They clouds of darkness come to those unrev-
erential found;—
In gales of gladness are they blown to every
holy ground.
The glory of our God appears in each bright
eastern cloud;
Let every man in his tent door, rise up and
worship loud.

Low in the west—aerial pressed—like wine
presses trod red—
Clouds, sucked of purple dregs by earth, make
many a golden bed;
In fold of fleece, they lie in peace, at setting
of the sun;

Stopped now their storms, free float their
forms,—so man's race rightly run.
The symbol of God's presence do the gold
clouds western come;
To heavenly place, his gift of grace, such
clouds will waft us home.

Lo, too, how icy-freighted they, to northward
to and fro,
Sail silently in ships of gray and white the
world with snow.
In cloudy chariot descends him who the snow
clouds made;
"Be on the earth snow," doth he say, and ever
is obeyed.
Ancient of Days, whose garments sit upon
Thee white like wool,
Snow-water cleanse our scarlet sins, and purify
in full.

But once more now turn toward the south—
—behold a fiery stream;—
Ten thousand times ten thousand stand upon
its banks and dream.
In passion's heat, here lovers meet, and gentle
breezes bear

Their fragrance from the balmy palm, that
speaks the south so fair.
Paradisiacal these plains their habitants re-
mind,
We in all climes, and at all times, God's clouds
of bounty find.

When blossoms burst from springtime buds—
God's Garden breaks abloom—
Soft April shower sweetens the sour, from
clouds of pure perfume.
When landscape dying summer clothes with
iridescent veil,
Electric clouds their heat dispose till ends the
songbird's tale.
Though Boreas reap, frost-bit leaves keep their
aromatic smells
Till autumn clouds rock deep to sleep in
winter's downy dells.

The waters saw Jehovah once—saw him and
were afraid;—
Clouds from his hand swept Egypt land, nor
stayed till Moses prayed.
To rend her rocks and mar her flocks, hot
thunderbolts were hurled;

Waters gushed out, streams overflowed, lightnings lightened the world—
Came crimson flood from clouds of blood—all earth trembled and shook:
But since from Olive gentler clouds' ascent records the book.

Praise him ye fruitful trees and all cedars on mounts and hills;
His word, fire, hail, snow and vapor, and stormy wind fulfils.
Ye dragons and all deeps praise him—ye cattle and all beasts—
Ye creeping things and flying fowls—He fixeth all your feasts.
Both maidens and young men, old men, and children, all as one,
Praise Him and magnify His name as excellent alone.

Kings of the earth and all people—princes, judges of earth—
Be near unto Him, do His will, and spread abroad His worth.
With organ, cymbal, psaltery, and ten-stringed instrument,—

For cirrus and comet praise Him, and fair firmament;
To Heaven's Cloud King a new song sing, with trumpet, harp, timbrel;
Oh, praise His excellent greatness—He doeth all things well!

O, world, repent of discontent with God's good will and ways,
And view His wondrous Providence with adoratious gaze.
Or cold or hot, it matters not, or clear or cloudy sky;
The moon—the sun—the stars that run—dreamer dare not deny—
All hold their course, and have their source, in the One Grand Day-Spring,
And soon from thee will all mists flee at Revelation's ring.

Who are these that fly as a cloud—as doves to their windows?—
Who is this that apparelled red from Bozrah meeteth those?—
Ah, the Good Shepherd knows His sheep—guides them through gates of gold!

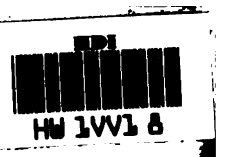
Voices like mighty thunderings now shout
"Half was not told."
Clothed with white clouds, to Tree of life they
have eternal right!
In cloud of glory, King of Kings their ever-
lasting light!

Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy
name;
Thy Kingdom come: Thy will be done in
Heaven and earth the same.
Give us this day our daily bread. Our tres-
passes forgive,
As we forgive those who trespass against us
—Christ-like live.
Into temptation lead us not; evil deliver from,
Till CLOUDS OF WITNESSES we see Thy
Glory, Power, Kingdom.
Amen.

AU REVOIR.

Ah, yes, distance lends enchantment to all scenes;
But we humans never know how much that means,
Until, a thousand miles away, we backward look;
Then all darkness turns to day, as in my book.
But this book helps you forward look and upward or
It fails in what its author wished.—Now, Au Revoir.




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"GAVEST THOU THE GOODLY WINGS UNTO THE PEACOCK?"

GOD, ADDRESSING HIS SERVANT JOB.

JOB 39, 14